

BONANZA PARK

(Continued from page 17.)

were busy drawing up contracts for deeds and a steady stream of money made Mr. Hudson appear at regular intervals in the outer office to relieve a big tin cash box of its burden.

Now and then a prosperous looking fellow rushed in and demanded six or ten lots in a loud voice at a price of about three hundred dollars each. He would tear out pink checks from a big checkbook, sign them with feverish eagerness, and rush out clutching the deeds.

"Smoke from soft coal shall never mar the beauty of Bonanza Park," Hudson could be heard saying through the transom between the two rooms. "But the tremendous power developed by Bonanza Falls shall not go to waste. Electric light in every home and our own municipal power-plant."

Hudson was straightening out crumpled paper money and making neat bundles of it when Jones appeared.

"Who is the millionaire out there buying blocks at a time?" whispered Jones.

"He gets two dollars a day for plugging," explained Hudson. "He knows just about how often the crowd changes and pops up about every forty minutes and buys a block or two. He is reckless with money, can tell you."

For quite a week the money continued to pour in and the promoters began looking for more land to handle on the same basis.

One evening when Jones returned to his home he found his wife conversing earnestly with a grave looking person attired in black, who clutched a faded umbrella with a dislocated rib, and, at intervals, applied a handkerchief to his small, pale nose.

"Oh, Cluffy, dear, I want to introduce you to the Reverend Mr. Hodge, the pastor of our flock," gushed Mrs. Jones in her special society voice. "It is a pity that you have not had time to join the church, Cluffy. I was just deploring the fact as you came in."

"More than glad to meet you, Mr. Hodge," said Jones, shaking the clergyman's hand. "I will have more time from now on and mean to devote considerable of it to the church work, sure."

With expressions of deep satisfaction in this assurance and after relieving himself of a trifle of small talk, the parson departed.

"What's he want?" demanded Jones as soon as the door closed.

"He came to ask me confidentially about Bonanza Park and I told him it was the best investment on earth."

Jones put his arm around his wife and they skipped through the hall like two children and fell to their dinner with great enjoyment.

The first customer at the office the next day was the Rev. Hodge. He placed twenty names of prophets and

apostles before Mr. Hudson with \$140 and without further palaver took twenty lots and left with a package of deeds.

"I gave him Alfalfa Boulevard lots," chuckled Hudson. "That is the best neighborhood up there, eh, Jones?"

"The worst," answered Jones. "Alfalfa Boulevard is a mere air line between two mountain peaks. It looks good on the map, though. I wonder what the preacher wants with twenty of 'em."

"They're fine for trading," Hudson declared.

"Isn't it funny that nobody wants to see the lots?" said Jones.

"Not at all," explained his partner. "We don't have our grand opening until a month from now. I stall them off by saying that we would rather have them wait until our grand opening. It will cost them something to get there, but I tell them we will run a special excursion at the company's expense on the opening day. A grocer took three lots from me for goods, the other day, and you'd better get some clothes from the Nine Nifty Tailors in this building. They grabbed off a few lots in trade for a clothing bill at one hundred dollars each. We are beginning to sell for cash now."

"But it's really funny to see how they will pay big money for the lots when, in other cases, we give them away for nothing."

"You don't quite follow the selling department's methods," said Hudson. "Your province is the management of the property. Why, each winner is instructed to keep it dark that he or she won the property for nothing and they can readily see that if they ever want to dispose of their holdings, they will enhance the value by cashing a receipt for \$150 per lot."

"You don't mean to say that you give them dummy receipts?"

"Dummy?" cried Hudson, assuming to be offended. "What do you take me for? You talk as if I were dishonest or tricky. Why, my dear Jones, not at all. The receipts read 'for value of \$150 received.' We can value an aesthetic name at anything we like, can't we? Just look at the suggestions of the Rev. Hodge. Here is Ezekiel avenue, Jehosaphat Boulevard, Elijah Terrace and Jeremiah Square. Those names ought to appeal to even the most conservative."

They both laughed at that and smoked on in happy contemplation of the bundles of money which were lying on the table.

"Say," began Hudson presently. "We pretty nearly got tripped up on a funny thing yesterday. How did you get that picture of the road-making gang?"

"I simply borrowed three Mexican laborers and a horse with a grading scoop for a couple of hours, took them up into the woods and posed them before the camera. Then I had them move a little further ahead and snapped them again. I repeated this until I had them on the plate several times, every time getting them smaller and smaller. Then I cut and pasted

the pictures and finally made a composite which showed about one hundred men at work."

"Was there a little dog there?"

"Why, come to think of it, there was. What about the dog?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that you took the same dog several times and his little, short tail sticks out at the same angle all the way up the line. That came pretty near giving the whole snap away, but I noticed it in time and had the dog procession re-touched out by a photographer."

After a strenuous day of acting and looking the part of "manager of the properties," Jones went home to dinner. As he ascended the steps, he met the Rev. Hodge coming out of the building. He was struck by the parson's hurry.

"Good evening, Mr. Hodge," said Jones. "Won't you stay for dinner?"

"Good—good evening," stammered the divine. "Yes, yes—why, no, I thank you. I have an urgent call from a—ahem—very ill parishioner. I am sorry, indeed, but I must be off."

"You are off, all right, all right," thought Jones as the clergyman fairly ran down the street. Jones walked upstairs instead of taking the elevator and found Mrs. Jones flustered and apparently very happy.

"Oh, Cluffy," she cried and clapped her hands. "I have good news for you. But I won't tell you until the day after tomorrow, your birthday."

"Has it anything to do with business?"

"Business? Why, Cluffy, dear, I should say it has. But ask no more questions."

After dinner Mrs. Jones coyly settled on the parlor sofa with her husband. He tried to find out the little secret, but she was adamant.

"Tomorrow night my little husband will have to take dinner in a restaurant," said Mrs. Jones suddenly.

"Why, dearie?"

"Cause I have promised Mr. Hodge to go to the church picnic. We go early in the morning and will return about dark. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all."

"I have bought white suede slippers, a beautiful linen dress and a white parasol and will look stunning. I wish you could go with us."

"You know, dearie, that I can't get away from business very well," replied Jones, and bit his lip. "Where are you going?"

"Now, isn't that funny," laughed his wife. "I didn't ask. We are going to take the train quite a distance and then walk a little. We were going to the beach, but that has been changed."

The following day was a busy one and Hudson invited Jones to his house for dinner that evening. Hudson had taken a large furnished house when the business increased and had religiously kept Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Jones apart.

"I would have asked Mrs. Jones and yourself over to dinner many a time," he said to Jones as they were smoking their after-dinner cigars on the veranda, "but you know that trouble

would only result if those two women got together. I don't know exactly what you have told your wife and you don't know what I have told mine."

"Sure," assented Jones. "I think just the same way. Say, do you know this is a fine cigar?"

Hudson was about to reply when a newsboy ran past calling an extra. He bought one and glanced at the front page. Jones saw him turn pale and when Hudson burst into a hoarse laugh, Jones gilded across the veranda and read over his partner's shoulder.

Accidents and Riot Spoil Church Picnic

Rev. Hodge is mobbed by his congregation when they discover that Bonanza Park is a howling wilderness.

Promoter's wife and several women and children are believed lost in the wild region advertised as an "ideal subdivision in the red-woods." A searching party from a near-by village is scouring the woods. With the intention of combining business with pleasure, some three hundred members of the Rev. Hodge's flock made their first, and avowedly their last, visit to Bonanza Park this morning.

As nearly every participant in the excursion had either won or purchased "lots" in the so-called Bonanza Park, the picnic, which was scheduled for the beach, was made to the would-be-paradise.

The article went on, explaining how the picnicers traveled for hours by rail and finally walked, climbed, fell, slid, rolled, and even waded to get through the roadless jungle of dense undergrowth. The much advertised boulevards were nowhere to be seen and, after losing their lunch-baskets, hymn-books, umbrellas and several hats, the members of the party realized that the beauty of Bonanza Park existed in the prospectus only.

As the pastor of the church had spoken highly of the property and was known to have obtained a number of lots, despite his meager salary, confidence soon turned to suspicion; suspicion turned to indignation, and a hurricane of language, which had never before fallen on the ears of the devout members, poured from some of the male "investors." Somebody began throwing stones. Others threw mud, and the preacher was last seen fleeing due south. A similar treatment, the story declared, was accorded Mrs. Will U. C. Jones, wife of one of the promoters, and she had fled hysterically into the jungle.

At the time of going to press, a number of the picnicers were not yet accounted for. Two men fell across Alfalfa Boulevard and dislocated a shoulder blade and a collar bone respectively. Many who determined to find out if their "lots" were at least accessible, began to wander and at sunset were hopelessly befuddled with anger and fear of never seeing the civilized world again.

Here and there, the article ran on, the explorers ran against a stake or

a freshly blazed line made through the brush for the preliminary survey of the outline of the tract. Several owners of "lots" had brought their highly colored deeds with them for the sake of locating their "property" by the descriptions of metes and bounds. Some of them tore the important-looking documents to bits and scattered them to the winds and others would cram the papers into their pockets with clenched teeth and a determination to see said papers labeled "Exhibit 1" or some other number at the proceedings which they vowed to institute if they ever found their way back home again.

Meantime, a lone woman was elbowing her way through the underbrush of Bonanza Park. Bedraggled, and with her eyes red from weeping, she sank down on a moss-grown rock and wept some more.

"Oh, Cluffy, Cluffy, Cluffy, what have you done?" she wailed. "Oh, me, oh me, oh my!"

Staggering to her feet again, she wiped her eyes with a wet ball, which was her handkerchief and a remnant of the ostrich plume.

It was nearly dark but she stumbled on and on until she came to a road. Along this she trudged and more by luck than otherwise, reached the railroad station at last and finally arrived at her apartments about midnight. In the hall she nearly fell over Will U. C. Jones, who was waiting impatiently, seated on two packed suit-cases.

"Oh, Cluffy, Cluffy," she began.

"Cut in out," he warned in a whisper. "Let's get away. The Hudsons have gone to Chicago. We meet them there Monday. Hurry, dearie. Get that money. I have everything packed. I don't know where you keep the money, but hurry. Get it."

Mrs. Jones tiptoed into the apartment. She turned on the lights and cast a long, last glance at the prettily furnished quarters in which they had lived. Sobbing quietly, she returned to her husband with a large leather bag.

"Now, how much is there?" he demanded.

She did not answer. Jones turned

the bag upside down under the dim hall light. A few one-dollar bills and two large bundles of deeds to Bonanza Park lots fell out.

"Where is the money?" roared Jones. "There is only about fifteen dollars here."

"Well, Cluffy, I was going to save the little surprise for you until your birthday," sobbed his wife. "I guess I will—yes, you right now. I was going to show you what a clever business woman I am. You told me you would be tickled to get those lots at one hundred dollars each. So I brought all I could. When you met Mr. Hodge going out of here last night, he had just sold me his twenty lots at one hundred dollars each."

Without a word, Jones snatched up the suit-cases and almost ran to the railroad station, Mrs. Jones close at his heels.

He pushed a small roll of one dollar bills through the ticket window.

"Say," he said to the agent, "just give me two tickets for that money as far as it'll take us, will you?"

Mrs. Jones lifted wet eyes to her husband's strained countenance.

"Cluffy," she said, reproachfully, "you said you would be tickled."

"I am," snorted Jones; "I am—tickled to death."

WOULD STOP THAT PRACTICE.

"You know that fellow, Jim McGroarty, the lad's that always comin' up an' thumpin' ye on th' chest and yellin' 'How are ye?'"

"I know him."

"I'll bet he's smashed twenty cigars for me some of them clear Havannays—but I'll get even with him now."

"How will ye do it?"

"I'll tell ye. Jim always hit me over the vest pocket where I carry my cigars. He'll hit me there just once more. There's no cigar in me vest pocket this morning. Instead of it there's a stick of dynamite, d'ye understand?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

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CHOLERA

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IT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT THAT EVERY CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN WITH THE ARTICLES WITH WHICH YOU CLOTHE YOUR PERSON AS WITH THOSE YOU EAT; ALSO TRUE OF THE LINEN FROM WHICH YOU EAT, YOUR TOWELS, BED LINEN, ETC., WITH WHICH YOU COME INTIMATELY IN CONTACT.

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